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Selected Poetry.

Only a Word.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet
Paths destined never more to meeet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,
Where billows of passion surge and roar,
To break in a spray of tears;
Tears shed to blind the severed pair
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,
Are ashes and dust for evermore.
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of the agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! that it should be so!
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil, and done more wrong,
Have brought to the world more woe,
Than all the armies age to age
Record on hist'ry's blood stained page.

All the Year Round.

OUT OF WORK.

"It's no use, Maria, I've tried everywhere."

"But you are not going to give up, Peter?"

"Give up? How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every bookbindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."

"But have you tried anything else?"

"What else can I try?"

"Why, anything that you can do."

"Yes, I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends and offered to help them if they would hire me."

"And what did you mean to do for them?"

"I offered to post their accounts, make out bills, or attend the counter."

Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.

"What makes you smile?" he asked.

"To think you should have imagined that you would find work in such places."

Peter Stanwood was a bookbinder by trade, and had now been out of employment over a month. He was one of those who generally calculated to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had been married eight years. He had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife; and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draft upon his purse, even when work was plenty; but now there was nothing.

"Maria," he said, stopping and gazing at his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world."

"But do not d spair, Peter.—Try again to morrow for work.—You may find something to do.—Anything that is honest is honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day, we should not starve."

"But our house rent?"

"Trust me for that; the landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find some work to do, I'll see that we have house room."

"I'll make one more trial," uttered Peter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do any thing"

"Anything reasonable, Maria—any thing decent."

The wife felt almost inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure he would look about for some sort of work which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning the last bit of food in the house was put upon the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house he said, "Something must be done."

No sooner had the husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old, and her youngest four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up the house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some food for her children, and then went away again. She got home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, "what luck did you have?"

"Nothing—nothing!" he groaned. "I made out to squeeze a dinner out of an old churn, but I can't find work."

"And where have you looked to-day?"

"Oh, everywhere. I have been to a hundred places, but it's the same in every place. It is nothing but one eternal 'no! no' I am tired and sick of it."

"But what sort of work have you offered to do?"

"Why, I even went so far as to offer to tend a liquor store down town."

The wife smiled.

"Now, what shall we do?" uttered Peter, spasmodically.

"Why, we'll eat supper first, and then talk the matter over."

"Supper! have you got any?"

"Yes, plenty of it."

"But you told me you had none."

"Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work to-day, and found some."

"You! You been after work?" uttered the husband in surprise.

"Yes."

"But how? where? what?"

"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to be done. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me to work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home for the children, and paid me three shillings when I got through."

"What! you haven't been out working for our butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food through to morrow, at any rate; so to morrow you may come home to dinner."

"But how about rent?"

"Oh, I have seen Mr. Simpson, and told him just how we are situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with the interest on all arrears to that date. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting for work."

"So he's got your watch?"

"No; he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the payment he would let it rest."

"Then we have got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? Oh what a curse these hard times are!"

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough engaged to keep us alive."

"Ah? What's that?"

"Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, &c., to rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there, and asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send round to his customers.—Never mind, all that was said.—He did happen to want just such work done, though he meant to call upon some of the the idlers who lounge about the market.—He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning."

"Well, this is a pretty go! My wife turned butcher boy! You won't do any such a thing."

"And why not?"

"Because—because—"

"Say because it will lower me in the social scale."

"Well, and so it will."

"Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve, and see one's children starve, too, than to perform honest work? I tell you, Peter, if you cannot work, I must. We should have been without bread to-night, had I not found work to-day. You know all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends or relatives engaged in them. At such a time as this it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, so long as it is honest. Oh! give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own conviction of right."

"But, my wife, only think—you carrying out butcher's stuff.—Why, I would sooner go and do it myself."

"If you will go," said the wife, with a smile, "I will stay at home and take care of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood; but the more he thought upon the matter the more he saw the justice and right of the path in which his wife had led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets—one to go to Mr. Smith's, and one to a Mr. Dixal's. And the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had earned just ninety seven cents. It had been a day of trials to him, and all his acquaintances whom he had met had greeted him as usual. He was far happier than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

So the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work a week, and at the end of that time he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Mr. Snow had given him.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W. It was his former employer. He took the load upon his arm and started off, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer he met Mr. W. coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood, is this you," asked his old employer, kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm a butcher's boy, sir?"—You see I've brought your provisions for you, sir; I'm a regular butcher's boy."

"And how long have you been at work thus?"

"This is the tenth day, sir."

"But don't it come hard?"

"Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest, and will furnish my family with bread."

"And how much can you make a day?"

"Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents."

"Well, now, look here, Stanwood, there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my counting-room for a fortnight whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job to do my hand carting. I told him I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day, but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him; yet he owned that his family were suffering.—But do you come to my place to morrow, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench up. I honor you for your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand's with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently. That night he he gave Mr. Snow notice that he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had but little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work.—He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things: first, what a noble wife he had; and, second, how much resources for good he had in his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is, no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second, while you are enjoying the fruits of the present forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so sure that the day may come when he will need the squanderings of the past.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—These ell-known gentlemen are now at their homes near Mt. Airy, but are sadly afflicted. It has been known for some time that Eng had been seized with an attack of paralysis, but few knew it to have been so severe as was really the case. Both brothers have been compelled, by the affliction of one to be in bed. Eng is now able to be up, but his left hand and leg, (the side next his brother) are useless. He goes with a crutch under his right arm, and his left foot is supported by a leather strap which his brother holds up as he hobbles along.—*Salem (N. C.) Press.*

Some lovers' quarrels begin and some end with a smack.

Fall Plowing.

The advantages of Fall plowing are set forth by George F. Holbrook, of Vermont, as follows:

Without elaborating the many strong points in favor of Fall plowing, a few of the more prominent benefits may be briefly stated as follows:

1. August and September is a good time to turn over bound out sod land, and manure and re-seed it once to grass, obtaining a crop of hay the following year.

2. October and November is an excellent time to break up sod land for planting the following Spring.

3 The weather is then cool and bracing, and the team strong and hearty for the work, while the weather in the Spring is more relaxing and the team less able; and Spring work being always hurrying, it saves time to dispatch as much of the plowing as possible during the previous autumn.

4. Sod land broken up early in autumn will be quite free from growing grass the following spring; the roots of the late overturned sward being so generally killed by the immediately succeeding winter that not much grass will readily start in spring.

5. The frosts of winter disintegrate the plowed land, so that it readily crumbles in fine particles in spring, and a deep, mellow-seed bed is easily made. The chemical changes and modifications resulting from atmospheric action during the winter develop latent fertility in the upturned furrows, which, together with the mellowing influences, materially increase the crop.

6. Most kinds of insects are either wholly destroyed, or their depredations materially checked, by late fall plowing, especially the common white grub and the cutworm.

7. Corn stubble-land may be plowed late in the fall, and thus be all ready for very early sowing in spring, thereby going far to insure a good catch of grass; the roots of the new seeding getting hold well, or being well established, before the droughts of summer come on.

Where the subsoil is fine grained, and unctuous and close, or where there is a hard pan of good quality, deep plowing may be at once resorted to with decided advantage. Where the subsoil is poorer, the plowing may still be advantageously deepened by degrees, say an inch at each new breaking up. But in by far a majority of cases, deep plowing may be practiced at once—indeed it may be the *rule* with safety, while shallow plowing may be the *exception*. Plow, say nine, ten, eleven or twelve inches in November.—The subsoil turned up will grow several shades darker by spring.—The frosts and atmospheric influences of winter will mellow the soil. The inorganic elements and all latent fertility will be made more active for benefitting the crop. In spring spread the manure and plow it in or otherwise work it in or mingle it with the soil to the depth, say of four inches, or little more or less, and you have the very best attainable conditions for realizing good crops. Deeper plowing may thus be practiced than would at all times be safe or expedient, if the plowing is delayed till spring.

Planting Strawberries in the Fall.

Many persons believe that spring is the best time to plant strawberries; but the Ohio Farmer seems to be of a different opinion, and gives the following directions for fall planting:

"When plants are well set in the fall, they will fruit the next season, as it is the fall growth of root which supports the plant for the next year's fruiting. Go into your garden to-day and pull up a strawberry plant which has fruited this season, and you will see the old stock of roots dead and black, and from the crown of the root beneath a set of new roots putting out; these must make a good fall growth or you will get no considerable crop of fruit next year; and transplanting now causes a less jar in the natural condition of the plant than if taken up at any other period of the year.

"Choose for planting young runners that are well rooted; then on a cloudy day proceed with your work. Draw a line where you desire to plant, and mark a place for the row; spread out the roots evenly on all sides; set in so as to bring the dirt well up to the crown of the plant, without covering it, and press the soil down firmly with your hands around the plant. If the weather should prove dry, water thoroughly, so as to soak the roots, as often as the foliage shows by its drooping appearance that water is necessary.

"Before the setting in of winter, cover the entire surface of the ground, over the plants and all, with a litter of straw or other material, to keep the plants from the changes of freezing and thawing, to which they would be exposed if left on the surface where the sun and winds would have full play upon them. This covering should be removed in the spring, so as to let the plants grow up without hindrance. The fruit buds are formed in the fall, and if these are injured during the exigencies of winter and early spring, the crop of fruit will be lost.

"Strawberries, like grapes, need a generous, strong soil, but not decidedly fat, and especially not recently staunched with green or raw manure. If manure is needed, let it be fine, old, well-rotted compost, and let it be thoroughly mixed with the soil, which soil is best to be a deep loam, though some varieties, as the Early Scarlet, will flourish in sandy soils.—A moist soil is always best for strawberries."

The Best Depth to Sow Wheat.

In the Annual Register of Rural Affairs for 1869, we find a record of an interesting series of experiments in wheat sowing, of which the following are the results:

Planted half an inch deep, the plants came up in five days; planted one inch deep, the plants came up in six days; planted two inches deep, the plants came up in seven days; planted three inches deep, the plants came up in eight days; planted four inches deep, the plants came up in ten days; planted six inches deep, the plants came up in twelve days.

Five weeks afterwards there was no perceptible difference in that planted half an inch and an inch deep; that planted two inches deep was not so good, so on decreasing in quality as the depth of planting increased. At six inches there were but a few slender stalks. As the crops approach maturity the difference between the shallow and deep planting becomes less obvious—so that one inch and three inch planting are not greatly different in their results, although the deeper planting is a little late in ripening, and is hardly so productive. For this reason wheat planted with a good drill on well prepared and rolled ground, where it may be put in with great evenness, ripens more uniformly, and brings a rather better return than wheat sown broadcast and covered with a harrow at different depths. For the same reason twenty-five per cent. in seed is saved by using the drill. That is, a bushel and a half per acre will answer the same purpose, if properly drilled in, as two bushels sown broadcast and harrowed. In a light loose soil the depth may be greater than in one more heavy and compact. A greater depth is requred during a time of serious drought than when the soil has a good supply of moisture. As a general average, a depth of two inches is enough. One inch would be better if the soil were sufficiently moist, but it is difficult to get a drill so as to deposit the seed uniformly so shallow.

A Tale of Horror.

Last week's Saginaw Republic says:

It has been known for some time that a dirty, wretched old man lived outside the city, about a mile or so, in a filthy little cabin, entirely alone, and that he was a hermit. No one ever went near him, for it was said he was a magician. His only companion was a miserable looking dog. He came into the city sometimes to beg, and would piteously implore for money, stating that he was starving. Sometimes he would gather rags or scraps of paper and sell them.—Every one supposed him to be wretchedly poor. He had an evil look, and mothers would remove their children when they saw him coming. One day last week, however, a child, the son of Mr. Abraham Skinner, went out alone to fish in the stream, and happened to wander on until, before he knew it, he came to the hovel of the old man. At first he was frightened, but seeing no one around, he plucked up courage and went nearer. Everything was silent.—He went and peeped through a crack in the side of the hut. He almost screamed at what he saw, for he beheld the old man bending over a bag of money that he was counting. There were other bags beside him containing large quantities of money. Mr. Skinner's son was so terrified that when he attempted to move he stumbled.—Like lightning the old man rushed out and seized him. "Ha," he screamed, "I've caught you, have I! You saw me, did you? Well, now, you'll pay for it." And before Mr. Skinner's son could say a word, the old monster, with an awful laugh, drew out a knife, and cut the child's tongue out. Then he chopped off his fingers.—"Now," he said, "now you can go, for you can't tell" The poor boy ran off, overcome with agony, and ran to his father's house only to fill them with consternation.—What was the matter with their child? He could not speak to tell them! He could not write, for his fingers were cut. Still the the poor boy, after efforts of the most horrible pain, managed to fix a pencil between his bloody stumps of fingers and wrote the awful tale! A party was immediately organized and hastened to the miser's den. He was at the door as they approached, and fired a revolver six times at them, wounding two of the party seriously. Mr. Skinner returned the fire, and the aged villain fell, with a piercing yell, mortally wounded, "My money—my money!" he moaned, "my beautiful money!" and he crawled to his bags of gold and sank upon them—a corpse!—Over $10,000 was discovered, which was presented to the poor-house and other charitable institutions. The event will never be forgotten by our citizens. The child is slowly recovering. The miser was buried the day after, and the hut was torn down.

FALLING IN LOVE.—The Saturday Review says: The man who likes chatty women finds his doom in a girl who never opens her lips; the cynic who hates bread-and-butter trembles before a miss in her teens; the prim young neophyte of the parsonage worships the horsiet of Dianas. No doubt there is a method in all this madness, and a philosopher yet to come will rescue this bit of outlying existence from the realm of caprice. But, as yet, nobody has brought love within the calculation of chances. It is just as impossible as it was in the days of our forefathers to predict whom we shall fall in in love with. It is still as difficult as it ever was to decide who is likely to fall in love with us. The only result which comes of meditation on the subject is a sort of conviction that under certain perfectly inexplicable conditions it is possible for anybody to fall in love with anybody else.

GOOD SENSE.—The great trouble among American youth is the lack of application and thoroughness in what they undertake. Anything that cannot be learned with superficial study, is given the go by for something less tedious and irksome. Study and hard labor are looked at from a wrong stand point; and, as a consequence, the clerkship ranks are full of unemployed and half starved young men, and the professions are overflowing with mediocrity, while good mechanics find plenty of work at living prices. The evil spoken of is felt seriously. Those who work at a trade do it in so loose and careless a manner that they are not compenent to do the work they promise to do. Among the loudest declaimers for the rights of labor, are men and women who can claim no rights that belong to labor well performed.

THE greatest natural bride in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width, and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, and at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in in circut.

The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for Orphans, Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqudact, in New York. Its length is forty and one-half miles, and cost $12,500,000.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustible.

[*American Engineer.*

AN Arkansas sheriff, who couldn't get carpenters to build a gallows, to execute a criminal, had the cheek to tell the man that if he was in a hurry to have the show come off, he would have to turn in and help build it. The man declined, and told the sheriff not to hurry on his account. It is believed that they will be obliged to choke him to death by hand.

Humorous.

The Young Widow.

A CENSUS taker, going his rounds, stopped at a elegant brick dwelling house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours.

He was received by a stiff, well-dressed lady, who could be well recognized as a widow of some year's standing.

On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself in a working positon, he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir," replied the lady, with a piercing, dignified look. "I conceive it's none of your business what my age might be. You are inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward; it is my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No, sir; it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age.

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"My oldest and only married daughter, sir, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty five, did you say?"

"Yes, sir. Is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is; but is it not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age?"

About that time the census taker was observed running out of the house—why we do not know. It was the last time he ever pressed a lady to give her exact age.

A CLERGYMAN, who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefathers' days went out to see one of his laborers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him siting upon the plough, resting his team.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?"

John, with a countenance which might well have become the clergyman himself, instantly replied:

"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling-board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?"

The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

Two Dutch farmers at Kinderhook, whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields, when one heard an unusually loud hallowing in the direction of a gap in a high stone wall, and ran with all his speed to the place, and the following brief conversation ensued:

"Shon, vat ish te matter?"

"Vell, den," says John, "I vas trying to climb on te top of dish high stone wall, and I fell off, and all te stone wall tumbled down onto me and has broke one of mine legs off and both of mine arms, smashed mine rib in, and deese big stones are laying on the top of mine body."

"Ish dat all?" says the other; "vy, you hollow so big loud I tot you got te toothache."

A STORY is told of some visitor to a Birmingham button manufactory hearing one of the workmen muttering to himself as he stamped out each button, "Damn the man who shall wear this button." The visitor ventured to expostulate on this somewhat broadcast damnation. The workman, however, justified himself by saying that he knew that the buttons he was making were so bad that the wearer of them would be sure to damn the maker, and so he thought that he had better be beforehand with him, and damn the wearer.